

# Carry On (feat. Joey Bada\$\$ & Freddie Gibbs)

## Statik Selektah

(This is live and direct)  
(Others such as myself are trying to carry on tradition)  
(Carry on tradition)  
You're static and I'm a selektah  
Mic check 1, 2, 1, 2  
(Carry on tradition)  
Mic check when a nigga come through  
Niggas keep it silent  
Cause we all about that knowledge  
Besides the fact a nigga never been as swank as me, I like that  
Until I shine I sit patiently, so light that, I'm folding back, scroll a pack  
And roll a fatty, smokes heavy, not even over  
Mad I'm thinking what they probably should have did before  
I'm on my girls and soaring, foreign under them heels  
It ain't about the Ralph though, tell your horse chill  
Don't need to grill to feel like a real nigga  
If he can't see the light then shine Hilfigers still  
Six-figure deals with the hell, since the age of six I knew the name would ring a bell  
In six more years to wonder what the time could tell  
That's 666 still no signs of a three-sixty deal  
Neither did I sell myself, Records spinning by they self  
The DJ tell myself go reflects off the reflex, before I told Flex drop that Semtex on the next  
New York best  
This sickest sound, stick around, and we coming for the vets now  
Can a nigga contest? Maybe if he put his pride aside he could confess, but none the less  
It's fundamental, we need to fund the mental, wise with the momentum  
So rise on this momental, so born your inquistentials  
Watch who you pretend to, and put a potent diamond to fuel  
If you respect my conglomerate then wait I'm rocking to  
It's such a prominent tune, but I won't get my roses until I lie on my tomb  
Flowers  
(Others such as myself are trying to carry on tradition)  
(Carry on tradition)  
You're static and I'm a selektah  
(This is live and direct)  
(Carry on tradition)  
(Nigga that Hennessy)  
(Nigga that Hennessy)  
(Nigga that Hennessy)  
(Nigga that Hennessy)  
With my lyrical Billy Dee 45 colt  
Fuck the polices, they raided but they can't find dope

If it ain't about money and bitches, nigga what you rhyme for?  
Work every day in my trap, make what you sign for  
My niggas is willing to whip that work, it's such a ridiculous feeling  
You come in your crib and shit don't work  
Electric, gas and water, you fugazi  
You mutilated like Pookie at the Carter  
Jumps the Jackson, this gangsta rapping, nigga respect the father  
Taking it back to making them pick a switch off the tree  
Every time you rap or do a show bitch I should pitch off your feet  
You used to flow 'bout goofy shit  
Met a G and got on some groupie shit  
A slave to my rap page, student under my tutelage  
I'm still taking these boys to school  
As quick as I build them up, I can just disassemble them  
Coke and cut the curriculum cousin stayed up in Flint  
I was shipping this shit to Michigan  
The black bastard fuck lean [?] I see the bitch in them  
Copper squad drop a pile on them, I'm steadily shitting on these niggas  
But i hit them with Freddie Cane, switch up the style on 'em  
I stretched it out to 250 he got a nine coming  
[?] night but I'm up as early as five something  
Chopping boulders, and blowing doldgers so fuck a couple folders  
Bended corners, and serving yola off of this motorola  
Sometimes you sacrifice your heart to serve this hard weight  
Thirty rounds of death from my waist, its baby scarface nigga  
Yeah I got thirty rounds of death from my waist, its baby scarface nigga  
I got thirty rounds of death from my waist, its baby scarface nigga  
(Carry on tradition)  
(You're statik and I'm a selektah)  
You know what I'm saying these niggas is rapping around in circles and shit  
They ain't talking no real shit they ain't really 'bout about it you dig?

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>